CITT AND BUMPKIN, IN A DIALOGUE Over a *POT* of *ALE*, Concerning Matters of RELIGION AND GOVERNMENT.

The Fourth Edition.

By *R. L.*

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VVHereas there are ſeveral Diſcourſes and Pamphlets abroad in the World, that paſs for the Writings of Mr. *Roger L'Eſtrange*, wherein he never had any hand at all; This is to Advertiſe the Reader, that ſince *Sept.* 1678. he hath Publiſh'd theſe following Pieces, and no other.

The Reformed Catholique.
The Hiſtory of the Plot.
The Free-born Subject.
The Caſe Put.
An Anſwer to the Appeal.
Twenty Select Colloquies of Eraſmus, *in* Engliſh.
The Parallel, or, *The Growth of Knavery.*
A Seaſonable Memorial.
A Dialogue.
A Further Diſcovery of the Plot, with a Letter to Dr. Titus Oats.
Tully's *Offices in* Engliſh.

517:02

H. B.

CITT and *BUMKIN*,

In a DIALOGUE, *&c.*

Citt. SO that you would know, *First*, how we *manag'd* the *Petition*; and *Secondly*, how it came to *miſcarry*.

Bum. *Thoſe are the two Points*, Citt; *but firſt take off your* Pot, *and then tell your* Story: *you ſhall have mine afterward.*

Citt. There was no way, you muſt know, to carry the buſineſs clear, without getting a *Vote* of *Common-Council* for the *Petition*; and ſo making it an Act of the *City*: And in order to this End, we planted our *Committees* every where up and down, from *Algate* to *Temple-Bar*, at convenient diſtances; ſome few of them in *Taverns*, but moſt at *Coffee-houſes*; as leſs liable to ſuſpition. Now we did not call theſe *Meeting-Committees*, but *Clubs*; and there we had all Freedom both for *Privacy* and *Debate*: while the *Borough* of *Southwark*, *Weſtminſter* and the *Suburbs*, proceeded according to our Method. Committees to promote the Petitions. Their Powers and Inſtructions.

Bum. *And what are theſe* Committees *now to do?*

Citt. Their *Commiſſion* was to procure *Subſcriptions* to juſtifie the Right of *Petitioning*, and to gain *Intelligence*: And then every *Committee* had one man at leaſt in it that wrote *Short-hand.*

Bum. *Well, and what was he to do?*

Citt. It was his part to go ſmoaking up and down from one Company to another, to ſee who was *for* us, and who *againſt* us; and to take Notes of what People ſaid of the *Plot*, or of the *King*'s *Witneſſes*, or againſt this way of *Petitioning.*

Bum. *But how came thoſe Commitees (as ye call 'um) by their* Commiſſions?

Citt. For that, let me tell you, we had *two Grand Committees*, that adjourn'd from place to place, as they ſaw occaſion: But they met moſt commonly at *Two Coffee-Houſes*; the *One* near *Guild-Hall*, the other in the *Strand*; for you muſt take notice that we went on, hand in hand with our *Neighbours* in the *Main Deſign.* Two Grand Committees.

Bum. *But you do not tell me yet who set up the* Other Committees.

The Office of the Grand Committees.

Citt. These two *Grand Committees*, I tell you, nominated and appointed the *Sub-Committees*, gave them their *Orders*, and received their *Reports*: It was their Office moreover to digest *Discoveries* and *Informations*; to instruct *Articles*, improve *Accusations*, manage *Controversies*, defray the charge of *Intelligencers*, and *Gatherers of hands*, to dispose of *Collections*, to influence the *Anglicus's* and *Domesticks*, and fortifie those that were weak in the Faith; to furnish matter sometimes for *Narratives*.——

Bum. *What dost thou mean by* Narratives, Citt?

Citt. They are only *strange Stories*; as that of the *Dragon* in *Essex*; *Earth-quakes*, *Sights in the Air*, *Prodigies*, and the like.

Bum. *One would think it should not be worth their while, to busie their Heads about such Fooleries as these.*

Stories of Prodigies startle the Common People.

Citt. Now this is thy simplicity *Bumpkin*, for there is not any thing that moves the hearts of the People so effectually toward *the Work of the Lord*, especially when the *Narrative* carries some *Historical Remarque* in the Tail of it: As for the purpose, *this or that happen'd in such a Kings Reign, and soon after such and such troubles befell the Church and State*; such a *Civil War*, such or such a *Persecution*, or *Invasion* follow'd upon it. When the people perceive once that the Lord hath declared himself against the Nation, in these Tokens of his Displeasure, the Multitude seldome fail of helping the Judgment forward.

Bum. *I don't know what ye call your* Committees, *but our Gentry had their* Meetings *too*; *and there was a great Lord or two among 'um that shall be Nameless.*

Citt. We could shew you *otherguess Lords* among *Us*, I'le assure you, than any you have; but let that pass.

Bum. *You told me that your* Committees *were to procure* Subscriptions: *we were hard put to't, I'm sure, in the* Country *to get* Hands.

The way of getting hands in and about *London*.

Citt. And so were we in the *City*, *Bumpkin*; and if it had not been to advance the *Protestant Interest*, I'de have been torn to pieces by wild Horses, before I'de have done what I did. But *extraordinary Cases* must have *extraordinary allowances*. There was hardly a *Register* about the Town that scap'd us for *Names*: *Bedlam*, *Bridewell*, all the *Parish-books*, nay the very *Gaols* and *Hospitals*;

Hoſpitals; we had our *Agents* at all *Publick Meetings*, *Court*, *Church*, *Change*. all the *Schools* up and down; *Maſters* underwrit for their *Children* and *Children*, *Women* for their *Husbands* in the *Weſt-Indies*; nay we prevail'd upon ſome *Parſons* to engage for their whole *Congregations*; we took in *Jack Straw*, *Wat Tyler*, and the whole Legend of *Poor Robin's Saints* into our Liſt of *Petitioners*; and the *ſame Names* ſerv'd us in four or five *ſeveral Places*. And where's the hurt of all this now? So long as the Cauſe it ſelf is righteous.

Bum. *Nay, the thing was well enough* Citt, *if we could but have gone through with it: And you ſhall ſee now that we were put to our ſhifts in the* Country, *as well as you in the* City; *I was employ'd, you muſt know, to get* Names *at* four ſhillings a Hundred, *and I had all my* Real Subſcriptions *written at ſuch a diſtance, one from another, that I could eaſily clap in a Name or two betwixt 'um; and then I got as many* School-boys *as I could, to under-write after the ſame manner, and after this, I fill'd up all thoſe ſpaces with* Names *that I either* Remember'd *or* Invented *my ſelf, or could get out of two or three* Chriſtning-books. *There are a World* (*ye know*) *of* Smiths, Browns, Clarks, Walkers, Woods, *ſo that I furniſh'd my Catalogue with a matter of Fifty apiece of theſe* Sir-Names, *which* I Chriſten'd *my ſelf. And beſides, we had all the* Non-conformiſt Miniſters *in the* Country *for us, and they brought in a power of hands.*

Several ways of getting Hands in the Countrey.

Citt. What do you talk of *your Non-conformiſts?* They do but work *Journey-Work* to *Ours*. We have the *Heads* of all the *Proteſtant Diſſenters* in the *Nation*, here in this Town; why, we have more *Religions*, Bumkin, in *this City*, than you have *People* in your whole *Countrey*.

The Proteſtant Diſſenters great Promoters of the Petition.

Bum. *Ay, and 'tis a great Bleſſing too, that when* Profeſſors *are at ſo mighty Variance among* themſelves, *there ſhould be ſo wonderful an* Agreement *in the* Common Cauſe.

Citt. And that's notably obſerv'd, *Bumkin*; for ſo we found it here. The *Presbyterian* got Hands of *His Party*; the *Independent* of *His*, the *Baptiſt* of *His*, the *Fifth-Monarchy-man* of *His*; and ſo throughout all our Diviſions: and we had ſtill the moſt zealous man in His way, to gather the *Subſcriptions*: And when they had compleated their *Roll*, they diſcharg'd themſelves as Naturally into the *Grand Committee*, as *Rivers* into the *Sea*; and then we were ſure of all the *Republicans*.

Bum. *But after all this* Care *and* Induſtry, *how was it poſſible for the Buſineſs to* Miſcarry? *Citt.*

Citt. Why I know 'tis laid in our Diſh, that when we had ſet the whole Kingdom agogg upon *Petitioning*, our hearts would not ſerve us to go through ſtitch, and ſo we drew our own necks out of the Collar, and left the Countries in the Lurch.

Bum. *Nay that's the Truth on't*, Citt; *We ſtood all gaping for* London *to lead the way.*

Citt. The great work that we look'd upon was the gaining of a *well affected Common Council*; which we ſecur'd upon the *Election*, with all the skill and watchfulneſs imaginable.

Bum. *And that was a huge Point*, Citt; *but how were ye able to compaſs it?*

Tricks to defeat Elections.

Citt. Why we had no more to do, than to mark thoſe that we knew were not for our turns, either as *Courtiers*, or *Looſe-livers*, or *half-Proteſtants*, and their buſineſs was done.

Bum. *We went the ſame way to work too in the* Country, *at all our* Elections; *for it is a lawful Policy, you know, to leſſen the Reputation of an Enemy.*

Citt. Nay we went further ſtill, and ſet a *Report* afoot upon the *Exchange*, and all the *Coffee-houſes* and *Publique Houſes* thereabouts, which held from *Change-time*, till the very *Riſing* of the *Common-Council*, when the *Petition* was *laid aſide*; that paſt ſo currant, that no Mortal doubted the Truth on't.

Bum. *But you ha' not told me what that* Report *was yet.*

Citt. It was this; That *the King had ſent a Meſſage to the City to let them underſtand that he took notice how much they ſtood affected to the* Petition; *that he expected they would proceed upon it; and that His Majeſty was ready to give them a* Gracious Anſwer.

Bum. *But was this fair dealing Brother?*

Citt. Did not *Abraham* ſay of *Sarah*, *She's my Siſter?*

Bum. *Well, thou'rt a heavenly man* Citt! *but come to the Miſcarriage it ſelf.*

The Petition laid aſide in the *Common-Council.*

Citt. After as Hopeful a *Choice* as ever was made, we procur'd a *Common-Council*: where the *Petition* was put to the *Vote*, and it was carry'd in the *Commons* by *two Voices*, for the preſenting; it and by *Fourteen*, or *Fifteen Votes* in the *Court* of *Aldermen*, on the *Negative.*

Bum. *So that* your Damn'd Aldermen, *and* our Damn'd Juſtices, *have ruin'd us both in* City *and* Country.

Citt. Hang 'um, they are moſt of them *Church-Papiſts*; but we ſhould have dealt well enough with *them*, if it had not been for that

that confounded *Act* for *Regulating Corporations.*

Bum. *Prethee let me understand that, for I know nothing on't.*

Citt. Take notice then, that the Deviliſh Statute has provided, That *no man ſhall ſerve as a* Common-Council-man, *but upon condition of taking* three Oaths, and *Subſcribing* one Declaration *therein mentioned*; *and having taken the* Sacrament *of the* Lord's Supper, *according to the Rites of the Church of* England, *within one year next before his Election.* Now it ſo fell out, that what with this *Act*, and a *Court-Letter* for putting is in *Execution*, a matter of *thirty* of our Friends were put *by*, as not duly qualifi'd; and upon this Pinch we loſt it. Nay, let me tell ye as a Friend, there were at leaſt *twenty* or *thirty* of the reſt too, that would hardly have paſt Muſter. The Act for Corporations brake the neck on't.

Bum. *But is this certain?*

Citt. Why I am now in my Element, *Bumkin*; for thou know'ſt my Education has been toward the Law.

Bum. *This was a Plaguie Jobb*, Citt; *but we muſt look better* to our *Hits next bout.*

Citt. Nay my Life for thine we'll have another touch for't yet. But tell me in ſhort, how came you off with your *Petition* in the Countrey?

Bum. *It went on for a good while prettily well, at the* Quarter-Seſſions; *till at laſt one* croſs-grain'd Curr *there upon the* Bench *claw'd us all away to the Devil, and got an Order of Court againſt it, while you would ſay what's this?*

Citt. But what did he ſay?

Bum. *Oh there was a great deal of ſtuff on't*; *the* King *and the* Judges (*he ſaid*) *had declared it to be* Seditious, *and ſo they were to take it, That they ſate there to* keep *the* King's Peace, *not to countenance the* Breaking *of it; and then (ſays he) theſe fellows don't know what they would have.* One *Petitions for* Chalk, *and* Another *for* Cheeſe; *the Petition was at firſt* for the Meeting of the Parliament; *and then they came to Twit the King with his* Coronation-Oath, *& then* Delinquents *muſt be brought to* Puniſhment; *and then the* Parliam. *was to Sit as* long *as* they pleas'd; *and at* laſt, *every man muſt be* markt *for a* Common Enemy *that would not* Subſcribe *it. So that firſt they would have the* Parliament Sit; *and then they'd cut'um out their work; and in fine, it was little other than a* Petition *againſt* thoſe *that would* not Petition. *He ſaid there were ill practices in the getting of hands; and ſo they threw out the.* The Petition baffled in the Countrey.

the Petition, *and order'd an* Enquiry *into the* Abuſes.

Citt. Well, there's no Remedy but Patience.

Bum. *I had need of Patience I'm ſure; for they're Examining the Hands already, as hard as they can drive; You'l ſee me in the* Gazette *next* Thurſday, *as ſure as a Gun.*

Citt. Why then we muſt play the *Domeſtique* againſt *him, next Fryday.*

Bum. *Nay, I'm ſure to be trounc'd for't to ſome tune, if I be* taken.

Citt. Prethee what art afraid of? There's no *Treaſon* in getting hands to a *Petition* man.

Bum. *No, that's true, but I have put in ſuch a Lurry of* Dog-Rogues; *they cry* they're defam'd, *with a Pox*, they'le have their remedy; *and they make ſuch a Bawling.*

Citt. Come, come, ſet thy heart at reſt; and know that in *this City* th'art in the very Sanctuary of the *Well-affected.* But 'tis good however to prepare for the *worſt*, and the *beſt* (as they ſay) *will help its ſelf.* But art thou really afraid of being *taken?*

Bum. *And ſo would you be too, if you were in my condition, without a* penny, *or a* friend *in the world to help ye.*

The bleſſing of having neither friends nor money.

Citt. Thou art two great Owls, *Bumkin*, in a very few words. *Firſt*, thou haſt *great friends*, and do'ſt not *know on't*; and *Secondly*, thou do'ſt not underſtand the *Bleſſing*, of having neither *Friends*, nor *Money.* In one word, I'll ſee thee provided for; and in the mean time, give me thy anſwer to a few queſtions.

I make no doubt but they that put thee into this *Truſt*, and *Employment* of helping on the *Petition*, are men of *Eſtates*, and men *well-inclin'd* to the *Publique Cauſe.*

Methods of *Popularity.*

Bum. *O, their* Landlords *and* Maſters *are men of huge Eſtates: but 'tis the* Tenants, *and the* Stewards *that I have to do withal. But then (do you mark me?) thoſe people are all in all with their Maſters.*

Citt. I ſuppoſe you may be known to the *Landlords* and *Maſters themſelves* too. Do they ever take any notice of you?

Bum. *Yes, yes; I go often to their Houſes man, and they ſpeak mighty kindly to me; and there's nothing but* Honeſt Obadiah, *and* Good Obadiah *at every turn; and then the Men take me into the Kitchin, or into the Cellar, or ſo. And let me tell you* Citt, *if it had not been for them once, I had been plaguily paid off in the* Spiritual Court *upon a certain Occaſion.*

Citt. That's a very good ſign of *Affection* to the *Cauſe*, as I told thee: and it would be never the worſe if they were under a cloud

Cloud at *Court*; for *an Honeſt Revenge*, ye know, *goes a great way with a tender Conſcience.*

Bum. *I have heard ſome Inkling that way, but we'le ſcatter no Words.*

Cit. They never ſpeak any thing to you in Private, do they? As of *Grievances*, (I mean) *Religion, the Liberty of the Subject*, and ſuch like?

Bum. *No, no; but they talk as other People do, of the* Plot, *and the* Jeſuits, *and* Popery, *and the* French King, *and ſo.*

Cit. And what is the Reaſon now, do ye think, that you are not receiv'd into their *Bed-Chambers*, their *Cloſets*, into their *Arms*, and into their very *Hearts*, as well as ſome other People as we know?

Bum. *Alas! what ſhould they do with me? I'm not a man fit to keep them Company.*

Cit. Why then *Honeſt Bumpkin*, here's a Golden Sentence for thee; *Be Taken, Sifted, Impriſon'd, Pillory'd*, and ſtand true to thy *Principles*, and th'art company for the beſt *Lord* in *Chriſtendom*. They'l never dare to truſt thee till th'art *Jayl* and *Pillory-proof*; and the bringing *thee into* a Jayl, would be a greater kindneſs, than the fetching of *another man Out.* A Golden Sentence

Bum. *Prethee* Citt, *tell me one thing by the way; haſt thou ever made Trial of this Experiment thy ſelf?*

Cit. To tell thee as a Friend, I have try'd it, and I'm the beſt part of a Thouſand Pound the better for't. 'Tis certainly the High-way to Preferment. A Jayl is the high-way to Preferment.

Bum. *And yet for all this* Citt, *I have no mind in the World to be* Taken.

Cit. And that's becauſe th'art an arrant Buzzard; the Lord deliver me from a Man that has neither *Money* nor *Friends*, and yet's afraid to be *Taken*. Why 'tis the very making of many a man's Fortune to be *Taken*. How many men are there that give Money to be *Taken*, and make a *Trade* on't? Nay happy is the man that can but get any body to *Take* him? Why I tell ye, there are people that will *quarrel* for't, and make *Friends* to be *Taken*. 'Tis a common thing in *Paris*, for a man in *One, ſix Months*, to ſtart out of a *Friendleſs* and *Moneyleſs* condition, into an Equipage of *Lacquays* and *Coaches*; and all this by nicking the bleſſed Opportunities of being *diſcreetly Taken.*

Bum. *I have heard indeed of a man that ſet fire to* one old Houſe,

and got as much Money by a Brief *for't as built him* two New ones.

Citt. Have not I my ſelf heard it caſt in a fellows Teeth, *I was the making of you* Sirrah, *though y'are ſo high now a body muſt not ſpeak to you: You had never been* Taken *and* Clapt up, *Sirrah, but for me.*

Bum. *Father, What Simpletons we* Country-folks *are to you* Citizens!

Citt. Now put the Caſe, *Bumpkin*, that you were *Taken, Examin'd* and *Committed*, provided you *ſtand to your Tackle*, y'are a Made man already; but if you *ſhrink in the wetting*, y'are loſt.

Bum. *Pray'e what do ye mean by* ſtanding to my Tackle?

Citt. You muſt be ſure to keep your ſelf upon a Guard, when y'are before the *Juſtice*; and not to be either *wheedled*, or *frighten'd* into any *Diſcovery*; for they'l be trying a thouſand Tricks with you.

Bum. *But may I deny anything that's charg'd upon me, point-blank, if I be guilty of it?*

A Salvo for a Lie.

Citt. Yes in the Caſe of *Self-preſervation*, you may; but you muſt be ſure then that no body can diſprove you; for if it be *known*, it is a *Scandal*, and no longer *Lawful*: Your beſt way will be not to anſwer any Queſtions againſt your ſelf.

Bum. *But now you have brought me into a* Goal, *you would do well to tell me how I ſhall get out again.*

The Benefits of a Priſon.

Citt. Why before you turn your ſelf thrice in your *Kennel*, (if *Baylable*) Y'are out again upon a *Habeas Corpus*; But in the mean time, the Town rings of your *Commitment*, the *cauſe* of it, and how bravely you carry'd it upon your *Examination*; all which ſhall be Reported to your Advantage; and by this time, y'are Celebrated for the *Peoples Martyr*. And now come in the *Bottles*, the *Cold Pies*, and the *Guymni's*: But you muſt lay your Finger upon your Mouth, and keep all as cloſe as if the *Fairies* had brought it.

Bum. *Pre'thee* Citt, *wert thou ever bound* Prentice *to a* Stateſman?

Citt. No, not altogether ſo neither; but I ſerv'd a convenient time in two of his Majeſties Houſes; and there I learnt *my Politiques*; that is to ſay, in *Newgate*, and the *Gate-houſe*; *Two Schools* (ſays one) *that ſend more wiſe men into the World, than the* four Inns of Court. Now let your ſuffering be what it will, the *Merit* of it will be rated according to the *Difficulty* and *hazzard*

zard of the *Encounter*: For there's a great difference betwixt the Venture of a *Pillory*, and of a *Gibbet*. But in what caſe ſoever; if you ſtand faſt, and keep your Tongue in your head, you ſhall want neither *Money*, nor *Law*; nor *Countenance*, nor *Friends* in the *Court*, nor *Friends* in the *Jury*.

Bum. *Hold, hold*, Citt; *what if all my great Friends ſhould deceive me at laſt?*

Citt. They'le never dare to do that, for fear you ſhould deceive *them*. I have found the experiment of it my ſelf, and every *Term* yields us freſh Inſtances of *people that make their Fortunes in a trice, by a generous contempt of Principalities and Powers.*

Bum. *Thou'rt a brave fellow*, Citt; *but prethee what may thy Employment be at preſent, if a body may ask thee?*

Citt. I am at this preſent, *Bumpkin, under the Roſe*, a *Secretary-Extraordinary* to one of the *Grand Committees* I told thee of, and my buſineſs is to draw up *Impeachments*, *Informations*, *Articles*; to lick over now and then a *Narrative*; and to deal with the *Mercuries* to publiſh nothing againſt the Intereſt of that Party: and *in fine*, there's hardly any thing ſtirs, but I have a finger in't. Mine is a buſineſs, I can tell you, that brings in *Money*. The Secretary to a Grand Committee.

Bum. *I make no doubt on't*, Citt; *But could ye put me in a way to get a little money too?*

Citt. We'll talk of that preſently. You may think perhaps now the *City-Petition*'s blown off, that our *Committee* will have nothing to do. But I do aſſure you, buſineſs comes in ſo faſt upon us, that I ſhall never be able to go through it without an *Aſſiſtant*; and if I find you fit for't, you ſhall be the man.—— Nay hold, let me ſpeak firſt; do you continue the uſe of your *Short-hand?*

Bum. *Yes, I do: and I have mended my* Baſtard-Secretary *very much ſince you ſaw it.*

Citt. Will you be *Juſt*, *Diligent*, and *Secret*?

Bum. *I'le give you what Security you'l ask, for my* Truth *and* Diligence; *and for my* Secreſie, I could almoſt forget to *ſpeak*.

Citt. That Figure pleaſes me; but I muſt ſhrift you further. How ſtands your appetite to *Wine* and *Women*?

Bum. *Why truly as the rate of* other fleſh and blood.

Citt. 'Tis not to bar ye neither; but what Liberties ye take, let them be *Private*, and either to advance the *Common Cauſe*, or at *ſpare hours*.

Bum. *You cannot ask nor wish more than I'le do.*

Citt. Only a word or two more, and then I'le let you into my affairs. What course did you propound to your self, in case your *Petition* had succeeded? I ask this, because you seem so much troubl'd at the Disappointment.

Other Petitions upon the Anvil.

Bum. *Why, if this* Petition *had gone* on, *and the* Parliament *had* met, *I was promised four or five* Petitions *more*; *one against* Danby, *and the Lords in the* Tower, *another* for the Sitting of this Parliament, till they had gone through all they had to do; *a* Third, *for taking away the* Bishops Votes, *a* Fourth, *for the Remove of* Evil Counsellours, *and a* Fifth, *for putting the* Militia *into* Safe hands.

Citt. These points, you must know, have been a long time upon the Anvil; and our Friends have Instructions all over the Kingdom, to proceed upon them to shew the Miraculous *Union* of the Nation. But do you think, because the *First Petition* has receiv'd a *check*, and the *Parliament* is *Prorogu'd*, that therefore *the other Petitions must fall to the ground?*

Bum. *I cannot well see how it should be otherwise.*

Citt. Why then let me tell you, *Bumpkin*, We'll bring the whole business about again, and carry it on, in spite of Fate, for we have better *Heads* at work perhaps than you are aware of.

Bum. *Ay, but what* Hands *have we* Citt? *for it will come to that at last.*

Citt. Those *Heads* will find *Hands*, never trouble your self, if there should be occasion; but 'tis too early days for that sport yet. 'Twas an unlucky thing however to be so surpriz'd; for our Friends did no more dream of the *Sacrament*, than of their *dying day.*

Bum. *Well, there's no recalling of what's past: But the Question is, how we shall avoid it for the time to come.*

Citt. Nay, *Bumpkin*, there's a Trick worth two of *avoiding* it, we'll *take* it next bout, and then we're safe; we'll carry it I'le undertake by *fifty Voices.*

Bum. *But cannot the* Aldermen *hinder you from putting it to the Vote?*

A Design upon the Common Council.

Citt. 'Tis the Custom of the City, I must confess, for the *Lord Mayor* to *Summon* and *dissolve Common Councils*, and to put all points to the *Question*; but we'll find a cure for that too. 'Tis a thing we've been a good while about already; the bringing down

down the *Authority* of the *City* into the *Major part* of the *Commons.*

Bum. *Now if the* Mayor *and* Aldermen *ſhould be aware of this, they'l never endure it; but we muſt leave that to time. But hark ye* Citt, *I thought our Friends refuſing of the* Sacrament *had been matter of* Conſcience.

Citt. Why ſo it is, man; but take notice then, that you are to diſtinguiſh of *Conſciences*: There is *firſt*, a *plain ſimple Conſcience*, and that's a Conſcience that will ſerve well enough to keep a man *Right*, if he meet with nothing elſe to put him *out of the way.* And then there's a *Conſcience* of *State*, or *Profit*; and that *Conſcience* yields, as a *leſs Weight* does to a *greater*; an *Ounce* turns the *Scale*, but a *Pound* carries the *Ounce*, and nobody blames the *weaker* for being over-power'd by the *ſtronger.* There is a *Conſcience* of *Profeſſion* too; which is a *Conſcience* that does not ſo much regard the *Reaſon* of the *thing*, as the being *True* to a *Party*, when a man has paſt his *Word*: and this is the *Conſcience* of a man of *Honour*, that fights for his *Whore.* There is likewiſe a *Conſcience* of *Religion*, and that's a *quiet peaceable Conſcience*, that reſts in the Affection of the *Heart*, in ſubmiſſion to *Lawful Inſtitutions*; and in ſerving *God*, and doing good to our *Neighbour*, without *Noiſe* or *Oſtentation.* Diſtinctions of Conſciences.

Bum. *Well, but I ſee a great many very* Conſcientious men *that love to* pray *and* ſing Pſalms *next the* Street, *that their Neighbours may hear 'um*; *and go up and down* ſhaking of their Heads, *and* wringing of their Hands, *crying out of* the Calves *of* Bethel, *and the* High places, Popery, Prelacy, *and the* Common Prayer, *in ſuch a manner, that 'twould grieve a bodies heart to ſee 'um.* Conſciences of State or Intereſt.

Citt. Theſe are *Conſcientious men, Bumpkin*; and this is the *Conſcience* of *State* or *Profit*, that I told ye of.

Bum. *Ay, but I have ſeen ſome men in Fits of the* Spirit, jump, *and fling about a* Pulpit *ſo deſperately, that they ſet the children a crying* to have 'um let out. *One while they'd* raiſe *themſelves upon their* Tip-toes, *and* roar out *upon a ſudden, you'd have thought they had been pinch'd with* Hot Irons; *and then all in an Inſtant they'd* Dop down again, *that ye could hardly ſee 'um*; *and ſo* fall *into a* faint lamenting Voice, *like the* Groan *of a poor woman* three-quarters ſpent in Labour. *Nay, there was one of 'um that Gap'd and held his mouth open ſo long, that the People cry'd out,* The man has a Bone in his Throat. *Theſe muſt needs be very* Conſcientious Men, *Citt.*

Citt.

Citt. They are ſo *Bumpkin*, but 'tis the *ſame Conſcience* ſtill; for it works all manner of ways. We took up this Mode, I ſuppoſe, from the *Tranſports* and *Grimaces* of the *Pagan Prieſts*, in the Ceremony of their *Sacrifices*, which had a very effectual operation upon the People.

Bum. *Nay* Citt, *theſe Men have a Holy way of* Language *too, as well as of* Behaviour, *for all their* Talk *is of* Heaven, *and* Heavenly things, *the* Saints, *and the* New Jeruſalem; *they deal mightily in* Expoſitions *upon the* Viols, *and the* Little Horn: *and then they are bitterly ſevere againſt* Wicked Magiſtrates, *and thoſe that* Lord it over Gods Heritage. *They are*, in fine, *a very* Conſcientious *ſort of People.*

Citt. Oh beyond queſtion ſo they are: But this is ſtill a Branch of the *ſame Conſcience*. I have known indeed ſome people ſo Tranſported with this ſame *Talkative Holineſs*, that it has been a kind of *Spiritual Salivation* to 'um; they continue *ſpitting* when they have not one drop of *Moiſture* left 'um in their *Bodies*.

Bum. *Prethee* Citt, *tell me in honeſt* Engliſh, *where ſhall a body find the* ſimple, *and the* Religious Conſciences *thou told'ſt me of?*

Not many Religious Conſciences.

Citt. Why every man living has the *former* of 'um, but takes no notice on't: But for the *latter* ſort, 'tis very ſcarce; and you ſhall find more of it perhaps in *one Jayl*, or in *one Hoſpital*, then in all the *Courts* of *Chriſtendom*. It is commonly *the Bleſſing of men in years*, in *ſickneſs*, or in *adverſity*.

Bum. *Ah* Citt, *that I were but as capable of Learning as thou art of Teaching! Prethee explain thy ſelf a little upon the* Conſcience *of* Profeſſion *too.*

A Conſcience of Profeſſion.

Citt. Obſerve me what I ſay then, *Bumpkin*: There is a *Profeſſion*, *Particular*, and *General*; *Particular*, as when *One Cavalier* ſerves another in a *Duel*, he's obliged to it by the *Profeſſion* of a *Sword-man*, without Formalizing upon the *Cauſe*. There's a *Conſcience* of *Profeſſion* even among the *Banditi* themſelves. What is it but the *Profeſſion* of *Presbytery*, that makes the whole Party oppoſe *Epiſcopacy*; as the *Independents* do *Presbytery*, the *Republicans Monarchy*, and the like.

Bum. *Now I thought that there might have been* Conſcience *of* State, *as well as of* Profeſſion *in theſe Caſes.*

Citt. Thou ſayſt very well, *Bumpkin*, and ſo there is, and of *Profit* too; and it was much the ſame Caſe too, throughout the

the Circle of our Late *Revolutions*, when we *Swore* and *Vow'd* from the *Oaths* of *Allegiance*, and *Canonical Obedience*, to the *Proteſtant*, the *Solemn League and Covenant*, the *Engagement*, the *Negative Oath*, the Oath of *Abjuration*, and ſo till we ſwore round, into the *Oath of Allegiance* again.

Bum. *What do you mean now by your* General Profeſſion?

Citt. I mean the *Subordination* of a *Partial* to a *General*, *of a Private Profeſſion* to a *Publick*; as thou ſeeſt in the Late Times, *Bumpkin*, how ſtrictly the *Divided Reformers* kept themſelves to this Rule, ſo long as the *Common Enemy* was upon his Legs.

Bum. *But what do you mean by the* Common Enemy?

Citt. I mean the *Court*, and the *Church-Party*. So long (I ſay) all our Brethren of the Separation joyn'd as one man, againſt that *Inordinate Power*; and herein we were *Conſcientiouſly True* to our *General Profeſſion*; but ſo ſoon as ever we had ſubdu'd that *Popiſh* and *Tyrannical Intereſt*, through the *Conſcience* of our *General Profeſſion*, we then conſulted our *Particular*; and every man did Conſcientiouſly labour for the Eſtabliſhment of *his own* way. But now we come to the great Nicety of all; that is to ſay, the *Conſcience* of making a *Conſcience* of uſing *any Conſcience at all*: There's a Riddle for ye *Bumpkin*.

Bum. *I muſt confeſs I do not underſtand one Bit on't.*

Citt. That's for want of a Diſcerning Spirit, *Bumpkin*. What does *Conſcience* ſignifie to the *Saints*, that are deliver'd from the Fetters of *Moral Obligations*, by ſo many *Extraordinary* and *Over-ruling Privileges*, which are granted in a peculiar manner to the *People of the Lord?* What's he the *better* or the *worſe* for *keeping* or for *breaking* the *Ten Commandments*, that lies under the *Predeſtinarian Fate* of an *Uncangeable Neceſſity* and *Decree?* What needs he care for any *other Guide*, that carries within himſelf an *Infallible Light?* Or He for *any Rule at all* that cannot *ſin?* For the *ſame thing* may be a *ſin* in *another Man*, which in *Him* is *None*. A Conſcience of uſing no Conſcience at all.

Bum. *Really this is admirable: So that we that are the* Elect, *are bound up by no* Laws *at all, either of* God *or of* Man.

Citt. Why look you now for that; we *Are*, and we are *Not*. If it ſo happens that the *Inward* and *Inviſible Spirit* move us to do *the ſame thing*, which the *Outward* and *Viſible Law* requires of us, in *That Caſe* we are *bound*; but ſo, as to the *Spirit*, not to the *Law*: and therefore we are bid to *ſtand faſt in our Chriſtian Liberty*.

Bum

Of Christian Liberty.

Bum. *That's extreamly well said; for if* We Christians *should be* Shackled *with* Human Laws, *which can only reach the* Outward Man, *that are* the Heritage of the Lord, *in no better Condition then the* Wicked, *and the* Heathen.

The Extent of it.

Cit. Oh! th'art infinitely in the Right; for were it not for this *Christian Liberty*, we could never have *Justify'd* our Selves in our *Late Transactions*: the *Design* of *Overturning the Government* had been *Treason*; taking up *Arms* against the *King*, *Rebellion*; *Dividing* from the *Communion* of the *Church*, had been *Schism*; appropriating the *Church-Plate* and *Revenues* to *private Uses*, had been *Sacrilege*; entring upon *Sequester'd Livings* had been *Oppression*; taking away mens *Estates* had been *Robbery*; *imprisoning* of their *Persons* had been *Tyranny*; using the Name of *God* to all This, would have been *Hypocrisie*; forcing of *contradictory Oaths*, had been *Impiety*; & Shedding the *Blood* both of the *King* and his *People*, had been *Murther*: And all This would have appear'd so to be, if the *Cause* had come to be *Try'd* by the *known Laws* either of *God* or *Man*.

Bum. *Make us thankful now! What a blessed state are we in*; *that* Walk up to our Calling, *in* Simplicity *and* Truth, *whose* Yea *is* Yea, *and whose* Nay *is* Nay. *'Tis a strange way thou hast* Citt, *of making things out to a man. Thou wert saying but now, that the* same thing *may be a* Sin *in* One man, *and* not *in* Another. *I'm thinking now of the* Jesuits.

Citt. Oh That's a *Jugling*, *Equivocating*, *Hellish* sort of *People*; itis a thousand pities that they're suffer'd to live upon the Earth; they value an *Oath*, no more than they do a *Rush*. Those are the *Heads* of the *Plot* now upon the Life of the *King*, the *Protestant Religion*, and the *Subversion* of the *Government*.

Jesuits and Phanatiques compar'd.

Bum. *Ay*, *Ay*, Citt, *they're a* damn'd Generation *of* Hell-hounds. *But as I was thinking just now*, *we have so many things among* Us, *like some things among* Them, *that I have been run down sometimes almost*, *as if we our selves were* Jesuites; *though I know there's as much difference as betwixt* Light *and* Darkness; *and for my part*, I defie them as I do the Devil.

A vast difference betwixt them.

But Citt, *thou hast so wonderful a way of making Matters plain*, *I'd give any thing in the World thou'dst but teach me what to say in some Cases*, *when I'me put to't. One told me t'other day*, You are rather worse than the *Jesuites (says he)* for when *They* break an *Oath*, they have some *Mental Reservation* or other for a *Come-off*:

But

But *You* Swallow your *Perjuries*, *juſt* as *Cormorants* do *Eels*; an *Oath's* no ſooner *in at one End*, then *out* at *t'other*,

Citt. Let your Anſwer be This, *Bumpkin*, That the *Law-maker* is *Maſter* of *his own Laws*; and that the *Spirits dictating* of a *New Law* is, the *Superceding of an old one.*

Bum. *Theſe are hard words*, Citt; *but he told me further*, don't *You* juſtifie *King-killing* (*ſays he*) as well as the *Jeſuits?* Only *They* do't with *Piſtol*, *Dagger* and *Poyſon*; and *You* come with Your *Horſe*, *Foot*, and *Cannon*: *They* proceed by *Excommunicating*, and *Depoſing*; by *diſſolving* the *Character firſt*, and *then deſtroying* the *Perſon*; and juſt ſo did *You*. *Firſt*, ye *Depos'd* the *King*, and *Then* ye *Beheaded Charles Stewart.* And then you need never go to *Rome* for a *Pardon*, when every man among you is *his own Pope.* Their Practices compar'd.

Citt. Now your Anſwer muſt be This; That we had, *Firſt*, the *Warrant* for what we did, of *an Extraordinary Diſpenſation.* (as appear'd in the providence of our Succeſſe) *Secondly*, we had the *Laws* of *Neceſſity*, and *Self-Preſervation* to Support us. And *Thirdly*, the *Government* being *Coordinate*, and the *King* only *One of the Three Eſtates*; any *Two* of the *Three* might deal with the *Third* as they thought *Fit*: Beſide the *Ultimate Sovereignty* of the *People*, over and above. And now take notice, that *the ſame Argument* holds in the *Subverſion* of the *Government.* The Fanaticks Clear'd.

Bum. *Now you have Arm'd me thus far, pray'e help me on, one Step farther; for I was hard put to't not long ſince about the buſineſs of the* Proteſtant Religion. *What is that* I *pray'e, that ye call* the Proteſtant Religion?

Citt. You are to underſtand, that by the *Proteſtant Religion* is meant the *Religion* of the *Diſſenters* in *England*, from the *Church* of *England*; As the *Firſt Proteſtants* in *Germany* 1529. (from whom we denominate our Selves) were *Diſſenters* from the *Church* of *Rome*: and ſo *Call'd* from the famous *Proteſtation* they enter'd againſt the *Decree* of the *Aſſembly* at *Spires*, againſt *Anabaptiſts.* Of Diſſenting Proteſtants.

Bum. *So that I perceive We* Set up *the* Proteſtant Religion; *we did not* deſtroy *it*: *But they preſt it then*, *that the* Church of England *was* a Proteſtant Church, *and that the* Jeſuits *had only* deſign'd the Deſtruction *of it*, *whereas we* did actually Execute it.

Citt. Your Anſwer muſt be, that the *Church* of *England*, though it be a little *Proteſtantiſh*, it is not yet directly *Proteſtant*: As on the other ſide, it is not altogether the *Whore of Babylon*, though a good deal *Whoriſh*; and therefore the Reply to that muſt be, that we did not *deſtroy*, but only *Reform* it.

Bum. *Why I have anſwer'd People out of my own* Mother-Wit, *that we did but* Reform *it. And they told me again, the cutting of it off Root and Branch, was a very extraordinary way of* Reforming.

The meaning of Root and Branch.

Citt. The Anſwer to that is obvious, that the *Cutting off Root* and *Branch*, is only a *Thorow*, or a *Higher Degree* of *Reforming*. But upon the whole matter, it was with *Us* and the *Jeſuits*, as it was with *Aaron* and the *Magicians*; we did *both* of us make *Frogs*, but *we alone* had the power to quicken *the Duſt of the Land, and turn it into Lice.*

Thou art by this time, I preſume, ſufficiently inſtructed in the *Methods* and *Fundamentals* of the *Holy Cauſe*. I ſhall now give you ſome neceſſary Hints, to fit, and qualifie you for the Province that I intend you. But be ſure you mind your *Leſſon.*

Bum. *As I would do my* Prayers, Citt, *or I were ungrateful, for you have made me for ever.*

Citt. Come we'l take t'other *Sup* firſt, and then to work. *Who waits there without? Two Pots more, and ſhut the door after Ye.*

A great part of your buſineſs, *Bumpkin*, will lie among *Parliament-Rolls*, and *Records*; for it muſt be *our Poſt* to furniſh *Materials* to a *Cabal* only of *Three Perſons*, that be ready upon occaſion, to be made uſe of by the *Grand Committee.*

Rolls and Records hunted for Preſidents.

Bum. *My old Maſter would ſay, that I had as good a gueſs at a* Muſty Record, *as any man; and 'twas my whole Employment almoſt to hunt for* Preſidents. *Nay the People would Truſt me with* Great Bags *home to my Lodging; and leave me alone ſometimes in the* Offices *for four and twenty hours together.*

Citt. But what kind of *Preſidents* were they that Ye lookt for?

Bum. *Concerning* the Kings Prerogative, Biſhops Votes, the Liberty and Property of the Subject; *and* the *like*: *and ſuch as They wanted I writ out.*

Citt. But did you Recite them *whole*? or what did you *Take*, and what did you *Leave?*

Bum.

Bum. *We took what ſerv'd our Turn, and left out the Reſt; and ſometimes we were taken* Tripping, *and ſometimes we* Scap'd: *But we never falſify'd any Thing. There were ſome dogged Paſſages, indeed we durſt not meddle with at all; but I can turn ye to any thing you have occaſion for, with a wet finger.*

Citt. So that here's one great point quickly over; in thy being Train'd to my hand: a man might lay thee down inſtructions, now, for thy very *Words*, *Looks*, *Motions*, *Geſtures*; nay thy very *Garments*; but we'l leave thoſe matters to Time, and Study. It is a ſtrange thing how Nature puts her ſelf forth, in theſe *External Circumſtances*. Ye ſhall know a *Sanctifi'd Siſter*, or a *Gifted Brother* more by the *Meen*, *Countenance* and *Tone*, than by the Tenour of their *Lives* and *Manners*. It is a comely thing for Perſons of the ſame Perſwaſion, to agree in theſe *outward Circumſtances*, even to the *drawing of* the *ſame Tone*, and *making* of the *ſame Face*: alwaies provided, that there may be read in our *Appearances*, a *Singularity of Zeal*, a *Contempt of the World*, a *forbidding of Evils to come*; *a diſſatisfaction at the preſent Times*; *and a Deſpair of better.* Leſſons of Behaviour for the well-affected.

Bum. *Why this is the very part, that I was made for; theſe Humors are to be put* On *and* Off, *as a man would ſhift his* Gloves; *and you ſhall ſee me do't as eaſily too; but the* Language muſt be got, I *Fancy*, *by converſing with* Modern Authors, *and frequenting* Religious Exerciſes.

Citt. Yes, yes, and for a help to your memory, I would adviſe you to diſpoſe of your Obſervations into theſe *Three Heads*, *Words*, *Phraſes* and *Metaphors*: Do you conceive me?

Bum. *There's not a word you ſay falls to the Ground; And I am the more ſenſible of the force of* Words, Looks, Tones, *and* Metaphors (*as ye call 'um*) *from what I find in my ſelf.* Ours *certainly may be well term'd a* Powerful Miniſtry, *that makes a man cry like a Child at the very Noyſe of a Torrent of* Words *that he does not* underſtand one Syllable *of. Nay, when I have been out of reach of hearing the* words, *the very* Tone *and* Look *has* melted *me.* The Force of Looks and Tones.

Citt. Thou canſt not but have heard of that *moving Metaphor of the* late Reverend *Mr. Fowler*: *Lord Sowſe us*; (ſays he) *Lord Dowſe us in the Powdering-Tubb of Affliction*; *that we may come forth Tripes worthy of thy Holy Table.* Who can reſiſt the *Inundation* of this *Rhetorick?* but let us now paſs from the *General Ornaments of our Profeſſion*, to the *particular buſineſs* of our *preſent Caſe.* A Moving Metaphor.

I need not tell you, *Bumpkin* of the *Plot*, or that we are all running into *Popery*; and that the beſt Service an *Engliſhman* can do his Countrey, would be the ripping up of this Deſign to the *Bottom*.

Bum. *I am ſo much of your Opinion, that you have ſpoken my very Thoughts.*

Citt. Bethink your ſelf, *Bumpkin*; what *Papiſts* do you know?

Bum. *Oh hang 'um all, I never come near any of 'um.*

Citt But yet you may have heard, perhaps, of ſome People that are *Popiſhly affected.*

Bum. *Yes, yes; there are abundance of them.*

Citt. Can you prove that ever they *ſaid* or *did* any thing, in favour of the *Papiſts?*

Bum. *Nay there's enough of that I believe; but then there are ſuch* huge great men among 'um.

Citt. Pluck up a good heart *Bumpkin*; the *Greater*, the *Better*; We fear 'um not. Rub up your memory, and call to mind what you can ſay upon your own *Knowledg*, and what you have *heard*; either about *Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey*, The *Plot*, The *Traytors* that ſuffer'd, or the *Kings Evidence.*

Bum. *I have ſeen People ſhrug ſometimes, and lift up their* Hands *and* Eyes, and *ſhake their* Heads, *and then they would clutch their* Fiſts, look ſour, *make* Mouths, and *bite their* Nails, *and ſo: and I dare ſwear I know what they thought.*

Citt. Ah *Bumpkin*, if they had but ſo much as mutter'd, they'd been our own.

Signs in Evidence.

Bum. *Well, but hark ye* Citt. *I hear People ſwear*, or in WORDS to this effect, *why may not a man as well ſwear*, in SIGNS to this Effect? *and that they lifted up their* Eyes *and* hands, *bent their* Fiſts, *knit their* Brows, *and made* Mouths, to this or that Effect?

Citt. No, that will never do *Bumpkin*, but if thou couldſt but phanſie that thou heardſt them *ſpeak.*

Bum. *Why truly I never thought on't, but I ſaw a* Parſon *once the Tears ſtoods in his Eyes, as one of 'um went by to Execution. But your* Surcingle-men, (*as our Doctor told us laſt Lords day*) *are all of 'um* Papiſts in their Hearts.

Citt. Why what's the *Common-Prayer Book Bumpkin*, but a Meſs of *Parboyl'd Popery?*

Bum. *I'm a dog, if our Miniſter does not pray for the* Queen *ſtill.*

Citt.

Citt. Nay, we are e'en at a fine paſs, when the *Pulpit* prays for the *Queen*, and the *Bench* Drinks the *Duke* of *York's Health*. But to the point, bethink your ſelf well; a man may forget a thing to day, and recollect it to morrow. Take notice however, that it is another main point of your Inſtructions to procure *Informations* of this quality. Sad Times.

Bum. *I'le ſit you to a hair for that matter: but then I muſt be running up and down ye know into* Taverns and Coffee-houſes, *and thruſting my ſelf into* Meetings and Clubs. *That licks money.*

Citt. Never trouble your ſelf for that, you ſhall be well paid and your expences born: Beſide ſo much a head from the State, for every Prieſt that you diſcover.

Bum. *Well! theſe* Prieſts *and* Jeſuits *are damn'd fellows.*

Citt. And yet let me tell you *Bumpkin*, a *bare fac'd Papiſt* is not half ſo bad as a *Papiſt* in *Maſquerade*.

Bum. *Why what are thoſe I prethee?*

Citt. They are your *Will-worſhip-men*, your *Prelates* Brats: Take the whole Litter of 'um, and you'l find *never a Barrel better Herring*. Let me tell thee in Love *Bumpkin, theſe* Currs are forty times worſe to *Us* then the *Jeſuits themſelves*; for the *one* is an *open Enemy*, the *other* lies gnawing like a Canker in our *bowels*. And then being train'd up to *Latin and Greek*, there's no oppoſing of *the Power of Godlineſs to the Sophiſtry* of *Humane Reaſon*: Beſide that, the Law is for us in the *one* Caſe, and againſt us in the *other*. Church-men worſe to Diſſenters than Jeſuits.

Bum. *Which way ſhall we go to work then, to deal with this Generation of Men?*

Cit. We muſt joyn the *Wiſdom* of the *Serpent* to the *Innocence* of the *Dove*; and endeavour to compaſs that by *ſtratagem* which we cannot gain be *Argument*. But now am I going to open a *Myſtery* to thee that's *worth*---

Bum. *Prethee* the Worth on't Citt: *For talk is but talk, the* Worth *is* the main point.

Citt. Why then let me tell thee *Bumpkin*, the *Myſtery* that I am about to diſcloſe to thee, was *worth* to our Predeceſſors not long ſince no leſs than *Three Kingdoms*, and *a better penny*. But I'le ſeal your Lips up, before I ſtir one ſtep further.

Bum. *Why look ye* Citt, may this Drink never go thorough me, if I ever blab one Syllable of any thing thou tell'ſt me as a Secret.

Citt.

Citt. Hold, hold, *Bumpkin*, and *may it never come up again if thou do'ſt*; for we'l have no ſhifting.

Bum. And may it never come up again neither if I do.

The ſtrange agreement of Diſſenters.

Citt. Well, I'm ſatisfy'd, and now give attention; thou ſeeſt how unanimomſly fierce all the ſeveral Parties of the *Proteſtant Diſſenters* are againſt the *Papiſts*. Whence comes this *Conjunction*, I pre'thee, of ſo many *ſeparate Congregations*, that are many of them worſe than *Papiſts* one to another? There muſt be in it, either *Conſcience* or *Intereſt*; If it were *Conſcience*, we ſhould fall foul one upon another, and for matter of *Intereſt*; when the *Papiſts* are *deſtroy'd*, we are but ſtill where we were.

Bum. *This is a Crochet*, Citt, *that did not fall under my Night-Cap.*

The ſcope of that Agreement.

Citt. Be enlightned then. It is not the Deſtruction of thoſe that are *Really Papiſts*, that will do our work; for there's nothing to be got by't. But it muſt be our buſineſs to make *thoſe People* paſs for *Papiſts*, that are not ſo, but only have *Places* to Loſe: ſuch as we our ſelves, by the removal of them, may be the better for; and *This*, *Bumpkin* muſt be *our Maſter-piece.*

Bum. *I had this very Fancy my ſelf*, Citt; *but it ſtuck betwixt my Teeth, and would not out.*

Citt. You haer now in General what is to be done; You muſt be next inſtructed in the Acts of *Raiſing*, *Cheriſhing*, and *Fomenting* ſuch *Opinions*; in what Caſes to *Improve* them, and where to *apply* them.

Who are Popiſhly affected in the firſt place.

Bum. *I'm perſwaded my Maſters Brother had this very thing in his Head, though he never made words on't to me, He had got a Liſt of all the conſiderable Offices and Employments in the Kingdom: And I remember he was us'd to ſay, that moſt of the reſpective* Officers *were either* Corrupt, *or* Popiſhly affected. *If they were* Publick Miniſters; *either the* Kings Councels *were* betray'd, *or they put him upon Governing in an* Arbitrary way, *and without* Parliaments: *As for the* Judges *there was either* Bribery, Abſolute Power, *or* Oppreſſion *laid to their Charge*; *and ſo all the reſt were branded for* Frauds, Imbezlements, *and the like, according to the Quality of their buſineſs*: *All the* Governours *of* Towns, Caſtles *and* Forts, *were* Popiſhly Inclin'd; *and not to be Truſted. And then all* Eccleſiaſtical Officers, *whatſoever, within four or five, were half way at* Rome *already.*

Citt.

Citt. This is well remembred, *Bumpkin.* Now 'tis worth a bodies while to make *theſe Blades* paſs for *Papiſts*, and *Traytors*, that leave *good Offices* behind 'um. Nay, we muſt not ſuffer ſo much as any man, either of *Brains*, or *Fortune* (that does not joyn with *Us*) to paſs untainted.

Bum. *Thou ſay'ſt right*, Citt; *for whoſoever is not* With *us*, *is* Againſt *us.*

Citt. Thou haſt ſpoken pat to this point, *Bumpkin*; but yet thou beginn'ſt at the wrong End; For you muſt firſt get the skill of *Raiſing*, and *Improving* a *Report*, before ye come to the *Fixing* of it: For that's a Nicety not to be medled with, till we come to the taking out of the very Pins, and the Unhinging of the Government; ſo that the *firſt Clamour* muſt be Levell'd point-blank at ſome *Known*, and *Eminent Papiſts.*

Bum. *Well, but what ſhall we* Charge 'um with?

Citt. Why, if we were once at the bottom of *this Plot* (which, upon my Soul, *Bumpkin*, is a moſt hideous one) and wanted *matter* for *another*, I would charge them with a Deſign of betraying us to a *Forreign Enemy.*

Bum. *As how a* Forreign Enemy, *prethee?*

Citt. As thus: I would charge 'um with holding an Intelligence with the Emperor of *Morocco*, for the Landing of *five and thirty thouſand Light-horſe men* upon *Salisbury Plain.* A Heavy Charge.

Bum. *Prethee*, Citt, *don't* Romance.

Citt. Prethee do not *Balderno*, ye ſhould ſay; ſpeak *Statutable Engliſh*, ye Fool you. Thou think'ſt perhaps that the people will not believe it: Obſerve but what I ſay to thee; let it but be put into the *Proteſtant Domeſtique*, that his *Imperial Majeſty* is to hold up his Hand at the *Kings Bench-bar* for't, and let me be Dogs-meat if they do not ſwallow that too. Why prethee, *Bumpkin*, we muſt make 'um believe ſtranger things than this, or we ſhall never do our buſineſs. They muſt be made to believe, that the *King* intends to play the *Tyrant*; that all his *Counſellors* are *Penſioners* to the *French King*; that all his *Enemies* are turn'd his *Friends* o'th' ſudden, and all his *Friends* his *Enemies*, that *Prelacy* is *Anti-Chriſtian*, all our *Clergy-men Papiſts*, the *Liturgy* the *Maſs-Book*, and that the *Ten Commaudments* are to be read *backward.* Nothing Incredible.

Bum. *Bleſs me*, Citt; *what do I hear?*

Citt. Come, come, Sirrah, y'are under an Oath; and this

is

Popish Ministers may have Orthodox Offices.

is the plain Truth on't. What is it to Thee and Me, I pre'thee, whether the *Great Ministers* be *True* or *False*; Or what *Religion* the *Clergy* are of, so long as their *Livings* ye Rogue, are *Orthodox*, and their *Offices well-affected*.

Bum, *This does qualifie, I must confess. But you were saying, that the first Clamour should be levell'd at some known* and *eminent* Papists: *Now what comes after that, I beseech you?*

Citt. You may safely Mark all their Friends then for *Popishly-affected*; and so consequently on to all that *love them*, and all that *they love*. When this Opinion is once started, 'tis an easie matter by the help of Invention and Story to improve it; and by this means we shall come, in a short time to secure all the *Councils* of the Nation to *our Party*, that are chosen by *Suffrage*. If you were read in History you would find, that still *as the* Papists *set the House on fire, the* Non-Conformists *took the Opportunity of rosting their own Eggs*.

Who are Popishly affected.

Bum, *Yes, yes, I understand ye. As for example now,* One *goes to the* Lords *in the* Tower; Another (*as you were saying*) *drinks the* Dukes Health; *a* Third *prays for the* Queen: *a* Fourth *Fansies* Two Plots; *a* Fifth *refuses the* Petition, *a* Sixth *speaks well of my* Lord Chief Justice, or *calls the* Protestant Domestick *a* Libel. *All these now are* Popishly-Affected.

Citt. Save your breath *Bumpkin*, and take all in one word: whosoever will not do as we would have him, shall be *made* so.

But now to the matter of *Invention*, and *Story*; I hate the over-hearing of Discourses in blind Allyes, and such ordinary *Shams*: I'm rather for coming downright to the *Man*, and to the *Point*; after the way of the Protestant Domestick.

Matters of Moment.

Bum. *Ay, ay: There's your* free Speaker. *Well* Citt, the King wants such men about him. *But pre'thee hear me; Is it certain his Majesty has Lent the King of* France Three Millions?

Citt. No, no; some Two and a half or there abouts.

Bum. *Why, if the King would but make a League now with the* Swiss, *to keep the* Turk off That way; *and another with the* Protestants in Hungary, *to keep off the* French, *the whole world could never hurt us.*

Citt. Nay that's true enough, but then the *Pole* lies so damnably betwixt *Us* and the *Baltick*.

Bum. *I'de not value that a half-penny, so long as we have the* Waldenses *to Friend.*

Citt.

Citt. And then *New England* lies so conveniently for *Provisions.* But what do you think of drawing *Nova Scotia,* and *Geneva* into the *Alliance?*

Bum. *Ay, but there's no hope of that: so long as the King follows these Counsels.*

Citt. Thou art a great Read man I perceive in the *Interests of States.*

Bum. *I have always had a phansy to* Stow's Survey *of* London, *and those kind of Books.*

Citt. But good *Bumpkin,* what's thy Opinion of the *Bishops* Votes, in Case of *Life and Death?*

Bum. *Ay, or in Cases of* Heaven and Hell *either. Why as true as thou art a man* Citt, *we have but* Three Protestant Bishops *in the Nation; and I am told they are warping too.*

Citt. Prethee why should we look for any *Protestant Bishops* in the *Kingdom,* when there's no *Protestant Episcopacy* in the *World?* but for all this, we may yet live to see the *Rustling* of their *Lawn sleeves.*

Bum. *Oh, now I think on't; didst thou ever read the Story of* Moses *and the* Ten Tables?

Citt. The *Two Tables* in the *Mount* thou mean'st.

Bum. Gad *I think 'tis the* Two Tables. *I read it in Print t'other day, in a very good Book, that as sure as thou art alive now,* the Bishops in *Harry the* 8*th.* made the *Ten Commandments.*

Citt. Why that was the reason, *Bumpkin,* when the *Lords and Commons* put down *Bishops,* they put down the *Ten Commandments too*; and made *New ones* of their *Own.* And dost not thou take notice that they put down the *Lords Prayer* too, because 'twas akinn to the *Popish Pater-Noster?* and then for the *Creed,* they cast it quite out of the *Directory.*

Bum. *Now as thou lay'st it down to me, the Case is as clear as Christal. And yet when I'm by my self sometime, I'm so afraid methinks of being* Damn'd.

Citt. What for, ye Fop you?

Bum. *Why for* Swearing, Lying, Dissembling, Cheating, Betraying, Defaming, *and the like.*

Citt. Put it at worst, do not you know that every man must have his *Dos* of *Iniquity*? And that what you take out in *One way* you abate for in *another,* as in *Profaning, Whoring, Drinking,* and so forth. Suppose you should see POYSON set in Capi- The Brethren are only for Profitable Sins.

tal Letters, upon *ſeaven Vials* in a *Laboratory*; 'twere a madneſs I know, for any man to venture his Life upon 'um, without a *Taſter*. But having before your eyes ſo many Inſtances, of men, that by drinking of theſe Poyſonous Liquors, out of a *Conſumptive, half-ſtarv'd*, and *Heart-broken* Condition, grow *Merry, Fat*, and *Luſty*, would not you venture too? Imagine Theſe *Seven Waters* to be the *Seaven Deadly Sins*, and then make your *Application*.

Bum. *Nay the Caſe is plain enough, and I cannot ſee why that ſhould be a* Poyſon *to* me, *that's a* Preſervative *to* Another: *Only our Adverſaries twit us with Objections of* Law *forſooth, &* Religion.

Citt. Wherefore the Diſcipline of the Late Times ſav'd a great deal of puzzle. Mr. *Prynn* ſent *His Clients* to Mr. *Caſe* for *Religion*; and Mr. *Caſe* in requital, ſent *His* to Mr. *Prynn* for *Law*; which kept up a concord among the *Well-affected*. But your Leſſon in both theſe Caſes, falls into a very Narrow compaſs.

Bum. *Pray'e let it be* Plain *that I may* underſtand *it*; *and* ſhort *that I may* Remember *it*.

Three Poſitions.

Citt. Keep cloſe only to theſe *Three Poſitions: Firſt*, that the *King* is *One* of the *Three Eſtates*; *Secondly*, that the *Sovereign Power* is in the *People*; and *Thirdly*, that it is better to obey *God*, than *Man*. Theſe Fundamentals will ſerve to guide ye in almoſt any diſpute upon this Matter, that can occur to you.

Bum. *But what becomes of me, if my Adverſaries ſhould turn the queſtion another way?*

Citt. I'le fortifie you there too. And let me tell you that he'l have much ado to keep himſelf Clear of one of theſe Two Rocks: Either of Daſhing upon the *Plott*, or upon the *Liberty of the Subject*. As for Example,

L' Eſtrange Confuted.

There's *L'Eſtrange*, as wary a Dog perhaps as ever piſt; and yet ye ſhall ſee how we have hamper'd Him. I writ the thing my ſelf, ye muſt know, though it comes out in the Name of *the Authours of the Weekly Pacquet of Advice from* Rome. 'Tis Dedicated to *Both Houſes of Parliament*; and Deſign'd juſt for the 26th. of *January*: So that if the Parliament had Set, there would have been means us'd to have had him Queſtion'd for't.

Bum. *Gad, I know where y'are now.* 'Tis *in the* Preface *to the* Hiſtory of the Damnable Popiſh Plott.

Citt. Ay, that's it. I'le give ye Firſt, the *Words* in't that concern

cern *L'Eſtrange*, and you ſhall *Then* ſee the *Writings* of *His* that I have reflected upon.

Bum. *Oh*, *'Tis a deviliſh witty Thing*, Citt; *I have ſeen it. Me-thinks the Rogue, ſhould hang himſelf out of the way: I'le go to* Mans Coffe-houſe *and ſee how he looks on't.*

Citt. No, no, Pox on him; he's an Impudent Curr; nothing leſs than a Pillory will ever put Him out of Countenance. This Toad was in *Newgate*, I know not how long; and yet he'l take no warning:

Bum. *You muſt conſider*, Citt, *that he writes for* Money; O my Soul, they ſay, the Biſhops have given him five hundred Guynnyes. *But pre'thee* Citt; *haſt not thou ſeen* the Anſwer to the Appeal, Expounded.

Citt. Yes, but I ha' not read it.

Bum. *Why then take it from me*, Citt, *'tis one of the ſhreudeſt Pieces that ever came in Print.* L'Eſtrange, *you muſt know, wrote an* Anſwer *to the* Appeal.

Citt. We've a ſweet Government the while, that any man ſhould dare to fall foul upon *That Appeal.*

Bum. *Well, but ſo it is; and* Another *has written Notes upon* Him: *You cann't imagine* Citt, *how he windes him about's Finger; And calls him* Fiddler, Impudent, Clod-pate; *and proves him to be a* Jeſuite, *and a* Papiſt, *as plain as the Noſe of a mans face: he ſhews ye how he accuſes the* Kings Evidence; *and that he is in* Both Plots, *in I know not how many places.*

Citt. I have known the man a great while; and let me tell ye in Private, I am to draw up *Articles* againſt him. But I have been ſo buſy about my *Lord Chief Juſtices Articles*, and *Other Articles* againſt *a Great Woman*, that lay upon my hand, that I could not get leiſure; and yet I ſhould have met with him long e're This too, for all that, but that the *Committee* Sits ſo curſedly Late: And then they have cut me out ſuch a deal of work about the *Succeſſion.* Well I heard a great Lord ſay, that *That Hiſtory of his deſerv'd to be burnt by the hand of the Common Hangman.* *Citt* drawing up Articles.

Bum. *Bravely ſaid*, Citt, *I faith: who knows but we two may come to be* Pillars *of the* Nation? Thou *ſhalt ſtand up for the* City, *and I for the* Countrey.

Enter Trueman *out of a Cloſet.*

Enter *Trueman.*

Citt. Trepan'd, by the Lord, in our own way.

Trueman. Nay hold, my Maſters; we'l have no flinching. Sit down, ye had beſt, without putting me to the Trouble of a Conſtable.

Citt. Why we have ſaid nothing, Sir, that we care who hears; but becauſe you ſeem to be a Civil Gentleman, my Service to you, Sir.

Bum. *Ay, Sir; and if you'l be pleas'd to ſit down and Chirp over a Pot of Ale as we do, y're wellcome.*

True, Very-good; And *You* are the *Repreſentative* (forſooth) of the *City*, and *You* of the *Country*. *Two* of the *Pillars* of the *Nation*, with a Horſe-Pox; a man would not let down his Breeches in a Houſe of Office that had but *Two ſuch* Supporters. Do not I know you, *Citt*, to be a little *Grubſtreet-Inſect*, that but t'other day ſcribled Handy-dandy for ſome *Eighteen-pence* a *Job*, *Pro* and *Con*, and glad on't too? And now, as it pleaſes the ſtars, you are advanc'd from the *Obort*, the *Miſcarriage*, I mean, of a *Cauſe-ſplitter*, to a *Drawer-up* of *Articles*: and for your skill in *Counterfeiting hands*, preferr'd to be a *Sollicitor* for *Fobb'd Petitions*: You'l do the *Biſhops bus'neſs*, and You'l do the *Dukes bus'neſs*; And who but *You*, to tell the *King* when he ſhall make *War*, or *Peace*; call *Parliaments*, and *whom* to *Commit*, and *whom* to *let go*: And then in your Fuddle, up comes all; what ſuch a Lord told you, and what you told him; and all this Pudder againſt your Conſcience too, even by your own Confeſſion.

Citt's Faculty and Employment.

Citt. Y'are very much Miſ-inform'd of Me, Sir.

True. Come, I know ye too well to be miſtaken in you; and for your part, *Bumpkin*, I look upon you only as a ſimple Fellow drawn in.

Bum. *Not ſo ſimple neither, it may be, as you take me for. I was a* Juſtices Clerk *in the* Countrey, *till the bus'neſs of the* Petitions; *and my Maſter was an Honeſt Gentleman too, though he's now put out of Commiſſion: and to ſhew ye that I am none of your* ſimple Fellows (*do ye mark*) *if ye have a mind to diſpute upon* Three Points, *I'm for you.* Firſt, *the* King *is* One *of the* Three Eſtates; Secondly, *the*

Bumpkins account of himſelf.

the Sovereign Power *is in the* People. *And* Thirdly, *'Tis better to Obey* God *than* Man.

Citt. Always provided, *Bumpkin*, that the Gentleman take no advantage of what's ſpoken in Diſcourſe.

True. No, there's my hand I will not; and now let's fall to work. If the King of *England* be *One* of the *Three Eſtates*, then the *Lords* and *Commons* are *two Thirds* of the *King of England.*

Bum. *Oh pox, you've a mind to put a ſham upon the Plot, I perceive.* Bumkin's way of Argument.

True. Nay, if y'are thereabouts:——; If the *Soveraignty* be in the *People*, why does not the *Law* run In the Name of our *Sovereign Lords* the People?

Bum. *This is a meer* Jeſuitical Trick, *to diſparage the* Kings Witneſſes; *for* They *are part of the* People. *Now do you take up the Cudgels*, Citt.

True. Do ſo, and we'l make it a ſhort buſineſs, and let's have no ſhifting.

Now to ſhew ye that I gave good heed to your Diſcourſe, I'le run over the Heads of it as you deliver'd them. Firſt, for *Committees*, and *Grand Committees*, what are they compounded of, but *Republicans*, and *Separatiſts*, a Medly of People diſaffected both to *Church* and *State*? This you cannot deny; and that they would not ſuffer any man otherwiſe affected, to mingle with them. Now beſide the *ſcandal*, and *Ill Example* of ſuch *Irregular Conventions*, whoever conſiders their *Principles*, may reaſonably conclude upon their *Deſigns*: For they are wiſer, I hope, then to lay their Heads together to deſtroy themſelves. The Compoſition of the Committees.

Citt. But it is hard, if *Proteſtants* may not meet as well as Other People.

True. Yes, *Proteſtants* may meet, but not in the quality of *Conſpirators*, no more than *Conſpirators*, may meet under the *Cloak*, and *colour* of *Proteſtants*. The intent of the *Meeting* is matter of *State*, and you turn it off, to a point of *Religion.*

Citt. But it is not matter of *Religion* to joyn in a *Petition* for the meeting of a *Parliament*, to bring *Malefactors* to a *Tryal*, and to *extirpate Popery*?

True: Such a Petition as you Inſtance in, is in the appearance of it, not only *Lawful*, but *Commendable*; But then it muſt be promoted by *Lawful means*, and under *Decent Circumſtances.* What Petitions warrantable and what not.

'Tis

'Tis a good thing to *Preach*, or *Catechize*, but it is not for a *Layman* presently to pluck the *Parson* out of the *Desk*, or *Pulpit*, that he himself may do the Office. It is a Good thing to execute *Justice*, but yet *a private man* must not invade the *Judgment-Seat*, though it were to passe even the most *Righteous Sentence*.

Citt. The King may chuse whether he'l *Grant* or no; So that without invading *His Right* we only claim the *Liberty* of *Presenting* the *Request*.

No Petition to be press'd after Prohibition.

True. That may be well enough at *First*; but still, after *One Refusal*, and That with a *Publick Interdict* on the Neck on't. forbidding the pursuance of it; such a *Petition* is not by any means to be *Repeated*. *First*, out of *Respect* to *Regal Authority*: *Secondly*, as the *King* is the *Sole Judge* of the matter: *Thirdly*, upon the *Importunity*, it is not so properly *Desiring* of a thing, as *Tugging* for it. *Fourthly*, It tends many ways to the Dimunition of his Majesties *Honour*, in case it be Obtain'd: For it implies, either *Levity*, or *Fear*; or (to make the best on't) the *King* confers the *Obligation*, and the *Heads of the Petition* receive the *Thanks*. Now add to all this, the *suborning* of *Subscriptions*, and the *Inflaming* of *Parties*, what can be more *Undutiful* or *Dangerous?*

Citt. But do not you find many *Honest* and *Considerable men* concern'd in these *Petitions?*

The Nation poyson'd with False Principles.

True. Yes, in several of them I do; and the main reason is This. There's no man under *Five and Fifty*, at Least, that is able to give any Account, of the *Design*, and *Effects* of this way of Petitioning in *Forty* and *Forty One*, but by *Hear-say*: so that This Nation proceeds mostly upon the *Maxims*, and *Politiques*, which

The Injustice of our Common-wealthsmen.

That *Republican* Humour deliver'd over to us: But yet let the *Thing*, or the *Manner* of it be as it will, Those that *disarm'd*, and *turn'd back* the *Kentish Petitioners* at *London-bridge*: Those that *Wounded*, and *Murther'd* the *Surry-Petitioners* in the *Palace Yard*, only for desiring a *Peace*, and in order to the *Preservation* of his *late Majesty*: *Those People* methinks, that were so Outrageous *Against those Petitions* (and several others of the same kind) should not have the Face now to be so *Violent*, *for This*. And whoever examines the *present Roll*, will find the *Old Republicans* to be the *Ring-Leaders*.

Bum. Really, *Citt*, the man speaks Reason.

Tru. Consider then the *Mean ways* ye have of advancing your Preten-

Pretenſions, by *Falſhoods*, and *Scandals*, to diſappoint Honeſt men of *Elections*; The uſe ye make of the moſt *Servile Inſtruments*, to promote your Ends; your *fawning Methods* of *Popularity* toward the *Rabble*; your ways of undermining the *Government* of the *City*, as well as of the *Nation*; your worſe than *Jeſuitical Evaſions* in matter of *Conſcience*; your *Nox-ſenſical Salvo's*, and *Expoſitions* of *Chriſtian Liberty*; your putting out the *Church of Englands Colours*, and calling your ſelves *Proteſtants*, when you are effectually no better than *Algerines*, and *Pyrating* even upon *Chriſtianity it ſelf*; your Beating of the wood, in the Hiſtory of our moſt *Seditious Times*, to ſtart *Preſidents* and *Records* in favour of your own diſloyal Purpoſes. The *Phariſaical* Diſtinguiſhing of your ſelves from the *Profane* (as you are pleas'd to ſtile all others, even in your *Dreſſe*, *Tone*, *Language*, &c. Your uncharitable *Bitterneſſe of Spirit*; your *lying in wait* for *Blood*; and laying of *Snares* for the *Unwary* and the *Innocent*; and ſtill vouching an *Inſpiration* for all your *Wickedneſs*; your gathering of *all Winds* toward the raiſing of a *Storm*; Your *Unity* in *Oppoſition*, and in *nothing Elſe*: your *Clamours*, and *Invectives* againſt *Prieſts*, and *Jeſuits*, when it is the Church of *England* yet, that feels the *Laſt effect* of your *Sacrilegious Rage*. 'Tis not ſo much the *Officers* of the Church, and State, that are *Popiſhly affected*, but the *Offices* Themſelves; and Thoſe in the firſt place (as you chuſe your *Sins* too) that are moſt *Beneficial*. To ſay nothing of your wild *Impoſtures* upon the multitude.——

The mean ways of promoting their Deſigns.

Citt. Now you talk of *Impoſtures*, what do you think of L'*Eſtrange's Hiſtory of the* PLOT, and his *Anſwer to the* APPEAL? Whether are Thoſe Pamphlets, *Impoſtures* upon the *Multitude*, or *Not?*

Trn. You were ſaying e'en now, That *The Hiſtory of the Damnable Popiſh Plot* was of yonr Writing; Anſwer me That Queſtion Firſt; Was it ſo, or not?

Citt. No, it was not of my Writing; it was done by a *Proteſtant-Club.*

Trn. Why then let me tell ye, if a man may believe the *Preface* to That *Club-Hiſtory*, or the *Notes* upon the *Anſwer to the Appeal* (for I have read them all:) *L'Egrange's Pamphlets* are great abuſes upon the *People*: but if you had the Books about ye, the matter were eaſily cleared, by comparing them.

Citt.

Citt. By good luck we have 'um all about us, that can any way concern this Queſtion. And look ye here now.

Reflexions upon *L'Eſtrange.* First, *He calls his* Abridgement *of the* Tryals, *The* Hiſtory *of the* Plot, *without mentioning one word of the Original Contrivance, the Preparatives, manner of Diſcovery, and other Remarkables eſſential to a* Hiſtory.

2. *He omits* Staly's *and* Reading's Tryals, *which yet ſure had Relation to the* Plot.

3. *In his* Epiſtle *he ſeems to drown the* Popiſh Plot *with ſuggeſtions of an* Imaginary One *of the* Proteſtants.

4. *The amuſing People with ſuch Stories, is notoriouſly a Part of the* Grant Popiſh Deſign.

5. *Whereas he tells us, that not one* Material Point *is omitted, moſt Readers cannot find the ſubſtantial part of Mr.* Bedloes *Evidence againſt* Wakeman, (*P.* 46 *of the Tryal*) *So much as hinted at: Not to mention the groſs ſhuffles, and Omiſſions in* Pag. 77. *and elſewhere.*

6 *He charges the* Printed Tryals (*in his FREEBORN SUBJECT* p. 15.) *with many* Groſs Incoherences, *and very* Material miſtakes; *yet Inſtances but* One, *and corrected too, as an* Erratum.

7. *When Our Poſterity ſhall urge theſe Tryals for proof againſt* Papiſts, *how eaſily may the ſubtle Villains ſtop their Mouths, by alledging from this Authour that* no heed is to be given to the ſaid Tryals; (*being ſo publickly own'd by a Perſon of his Note, and late Qualification*) *to be guilty of ſo many, and ſuch very* Material Miſtakes.

The Foregoing Reflections Anſwer'd. *True.* Obſerve here, *Firſt L'Eſtrange* expounds his *Hiſtory* in the *Title Page*, by reſtraining it to the *Charge* and *Defence* of *the Perſons there mentioned*: Beſide that he calls it an *Hiſtorical Abſtract*, and a *Summary*, in his *Epiſtle.*

2. *Staleys Trial* had no Relation at all to the *Plot*, and *Reading* was not try'd for's *Life*: and ſo not within the Compaſs of his Intention expreſt in the *Preface.*

3. The *Epiſtle* acknowledges a *Deteſtable Plot*, and a *Conſpiracy*: but adviſes *Moderation*, and that the *Rabble* may not dictate Laws to *Authority*; for *that Licence* was the Cauſe of the *Late Rebellion.*

4. It was more then a *Story*, the *Murther* of the *Late King*, and the *Subverſion* of the *Government*, and the *ſuppreſſing* of theſe

Neceſſary

Neceſſary Hints, and *Cautions* is notoriouſly a part of the *Grand Fanatical-Deſign.*

5. In *L'Eſtranges Hiſtory*, here *Pag*, 79 and 80. ther's every particular of Mr. *Bedloes* Evidence in Sir *George Wakemans Tryal*, *Pag.* 46. with many other paſſages over and above: whereas your *Damnable Hiſtory* here *Pag*, 295, falls ſhort at leaſt by one half. And then for the *Shuffles* and *Omiſſions* reflected upon, *Pag*, 77. ſee *L'Eſtranges Words*, *Pag.* 88 *The Lord Chief Juſtice* (ſaies he) *after ſome Remarks upon the* Romiſh Principles, *ſumm'd up the Evidence, and gave Directions to the Jury*: which is the ſubſtance of the *Page* cited in the *Preface*. Touching your *Elſewhere*, it is in plain *Engliſh no where.*

6. Look ye, here's more Jugling. He ſaies **SEVERAL** *Groſs Incohrences*, and have you made them **MANY**: and then you have left out the *Parentheſis*, (*eſpecially in the Latter of them.*) which varies the Caſe too. and I remember again, that the *Erratum* was ſupply'd after *L'Eſtrange* had *corrected* it: And ſure it was a Groſs one too, to expoſe a *Proteſtant-Gentleman* for a *Papiſt*, *Nine times in two Pages.* I could ſhew ye ſeveral other *Material Miſtakes*, but one ſhall ſerve for *all. Pag.* 45. (as I take it) of *Irelands Tryal*; which you will find charg'd upon the Preſs, in *L'Eſtranges Hiſtory*, *Pag.* 18.

7. Pray'e mark me now: *L'Eſtrange* finds *Errors* of the *Preſs* in the other *Tryals*, and *Rectifies them* in his *own*: Now if Poſterity ſhall find in the *Right*, that the *Other* are *wrong*, they are in no danger of being *miſled* by the *One*, in what is *corrected* by the *other*: and if they do not read the *Right Copy* at all, there's no harm done to the Other, but they muſt take it as they find it. So that this *Remarque* is ſo far from *Diſparaging the Proceedings*, that a greater Right can hardly be done to *Publick Juſtice* by a *Pamphlet.* But now let the *Epiſtle* ſpeak for it ſelf.

To the READER.

THere has not been any point, perhaps, in the whole Tract of *Engliſh Story*, either ſo dangerous to be miſtaken in, or ſo difficult, and yet ſo neceſſary to be underſtood, as the Myſtery of this deteſtable *Plot* now in Agitation. (A Judgment for our Sins, augmented by our Follies,) But the world is ſo miſerably divided betwixt ſome that will believe every thing, and others nothing, that not only *Truth*, but *Chriſtianity* it ſelf is almoſt loſt between them; and no place left for Sobriety and Moderation. We are come to govern our ſelves by Dreams and Imaginations; We make every *Coffee-houſe-Tale* an Article of our Faith; and from Incredible Fables we raiſe Invincible Arguments. *A* man muſt be fierce and violent to get the Reputation of being *Well-affected*; as if the calling of one another *Damned Heretick*, and *Popiſh Dog*, were the whole Sum of the Controverſie. And what's all this, but the effect of a Popular Licenſe and Appeal? when every Mercenary Scribler ſhall take upon him to handle matters of Faith, and State; give Laws to Princes, and every Mechanick ſit Judge upon the Government? Were not theſe the very Circumſtances of the late *Times*? When the Religious Juglers from all Quarters fell in with the Rabble, and managed them as it were by a certain ſleight of hand: The *Rods* were turned into *Serpents* on both ſides, and the Multitude not able to ſay which was *Aaron*, and which the *Enchanter*. Let us have a Care of the ſame Incantation over again. Are we not under the protection of a Lawful Authority? Nor was there ever any thing more narrowly Sifted, or more vigorouſly diſcouraged, than this *Conſpiracy*. *Reformation* is the proper buſineſs of *Government* and *Council*; but when it comes to work once at the wrong End, there is nothing to be expected from it, but *Tumult* and *Convulſion*. A Legal and Effectual Proviſion againſt the Danger of *Romiſh Practices* and *Errors*, will never ſerve their Turn, whoſe Quarrel is barely to the *Name* of *Popery*, without underſtanding the thing it ſelf. And if there were not a *Roman Catholick* left in the Three Kingdoms, they would be never the better ſatisfied; for where they cannot find *Popery*, they will make it; nay, and be troubled too that they

they could not find it. It is no new thing for a Popular Outcry, in the matter of Religion, to have a *State-Faction* in the Belly of it. The firſt late Clamour was againſt *Downright Popery*; and then came on *Popiſhly affected*; (that ſweeps all.) The *Order of Biſhops, and the Diſcipline of the Church* took their Turns next; and the next Blow was at the *Crown* it ſelf; when every man was made a *Papiſt* that would not play the Knave and the Fool, for Company, with the Common People.

Theſe things duly weighed, and conſidering the Ground of our preſent Diſtempers; the Compiler of this Abridgment reckoned that he could not do his Countreymen a better Office, than (by laying before them the naked State of things) to give them at one view, a Proſpect, both of the ſubject matter of their Apprehenſions, and of the Vigilance, Zeal, and needful ſeverity of the Government on their behalf. To which end he hath here drawn up an *Hiſtorical Abſtract* of the whole matter of Fact concerning thoſe Perſons who have hitherto been Tryed for their Lives, either upon the *Plot* it ſelf, or in Relation to it: oppoſing Authentick Records to wandring Rumours; and delivering the *Truth* in all Simplicity. He hath not omitted any one material Point: There is not ſo much as one *Partial Stroke* in it; not a flouriſh, nor any thing but a bare and plain *Collection*, without any Tincture, either of Credulity or Paſſion. And it is brought into ſo narrow a Compaſs too, that it will eaſe the Readers *head*, as well as his *purſe*; by clearing him of the puzzle of *Forms* and *Interlocutories*, that ſerve only to amuſe and miſlead a man, by breaking the Order and confounding the Relative parts of the *Proceeding*.

Having this in Contemplation; and being at the ſame time poſſeſt of a moſt exact *Summary* of all perſons here in Queſtion; This Reporter was only to caſt an Extract of theſe Notes into a Method: eſpecially finding, that upon comparing the ſubſtance of his own papers, with the moſt warrantable Prints that have been publiſhed; his own *Abſtract* proved to be not only every jot as Correct, but much more Intelligible, which being *ſhort* and *full*, he thought might be uſeful, and find Credit in the world upon its own account, without need of a *Voucher*.

L'Eſtranges Narrative juſtify'd.

True. You have now the whole matter before you; the *Epiſtle*, ye ſee, juſtifies it ſelf: And then for the *Narrative*, I dare undertake he ſhall yield up the Cauſe, if you can but produce any *One Material Point*, which he hath either *falſify'd*, *palliated*, or *omitted*, in the whole *Proceeding*. But to be plain with you, *Citt*,

His Adverſary detected.

One of the *Authors* of *your Preface* is a *Common Setter*, *a Forger of hands*, *a little Spy* upon the *Swan* in *Fiſh-ſtreet*; a *Hackney-Sollicitor* againſt both *Church* & *State*: You know this to be true, *Citt*; and that I do not ſpeak upon gueſs: ſo that *Calumny* and *Falſe witneſſing* is the beſt part of that *Author's trade*. And then the

A bold and ſenceleſs Libel.

pretended Hiſtory is a direct *Arraignment* of the *Government*. He takes up the *King* and *Council*, *pag.* 381. reflects upon the *Judges* in the very Contents, and elſewhere, he deſcants upon the *Duke of York*, in oppoſition to the expreſs ſenſe & declaration of the *Bench*, p. 145. and has the confidence yet to Dedicate this *Gallymaufry* of audacious *Slanders* to the *Two Houſes of Parliament*. There is little more in the whole, than what has been eaten and ſpew'd up again Thirty times over: and the entire work is only a *Medly* of *Rags* and *Solœciſms*, pick'd up out of *Rubbiſh*, and moſt ſutably put together.

L'Eſtrange charg'd as a *Papiſt*, by a certain Lecturer.

Citt. You may take his part as you pleaſe, but there's a Famous *Lecturer* charg'd him publickly for *Popery*, in his Anſwer to the *Appeal*; and for falling upon Dr. *Lloyd*.

True. He did ſo; but at the ſame time that *Lecturer* found no fault with the *Appeal it ſelf*; and the beſt on't is, his *Tongue*'s no more a ſlander than his *Pen*: and whoever reads what he has written concerning the *Late King*, and the *Epiſcopal Church*, will think never the worſe of *L'Eſtrange* for what he ſays. Now for the *Reverend Dean* of *Bangor*, I dare ſay he never *ſpake*, or *thought* of him, but with *Veneration*. Let me ſee the Book.

The Ground of his Accuſation.

Look ye here, 'tis p. 18. in *L'Eſtrange*'s *Impreſſion*, and 'tis p. 15. in *this*; and here's the Point [*their Loyalty and good Service paid to the King* (ſays the *Appealer*, ſpeaking of the *Papiſts*) *was meerly in their own defence.*] Now ſee *L'Eſtrange*'s *Reply* upon it; *If it lies* (ſays he) *as a* Reproach *upon them that they did not ſerve the King out of* Loyalty, *that which they* did, *was yet better than* not ſerving *him at all*; *and better in a higher degree* ſtill, *than* Fighting againſt *him*. And a little after; *It is worth the Obſervation, That not a man drew his Sword in the oppoſite Cauſe, who was*

not

not a Known Separatist; and *that on the other side, not one* Schismatick *ever struck stroke in the* Kings Quarrel.

And now for your Notes upon his Answer, they are so silly, that it were Ridiculous to Reply upon 'um [*who knows* (saies he) *but the Regicides were Papists in disguise*, p. 19.] And a deal of such senseless stuff; enough to turn a Bodies Stomach, And if you'd inform your self of his Malice; look ye here *pag.* 4. *p.* 9, and *p.* 33. how he Palliates, if not justifies, the late Rebellion, the Murther of the Arch-Bishop of St. *Andrews*, and the drawing of the Sword against the King.

Briefly, 'tis an *Insipid Bawling* piece of *Foolery*, from one end to the other. And it is not but that I highly approve of your *Zeal* for the Discovery of the *Plot*, and suppressing of *Popery*; but we are not yet to Trample upon *Laws*, and *Publick Orders*, for the attaining even of those Glorious ends.

But now I think on't; deal freely with me; did you really go to the *Registers* ye spake of, to furnish *Names* for your *Subscriptions*?

Citt. No; That was but a *Flourish*; but all the Rest we *Literally* did.

True. Are not you Conscious to your selves of your Iniquities? Who made *You* a *Commissioner* for the *Town*, or *You* for the *Countrey*? But we are like to have a fine Business of it, when the *Dregs* of the *People* set up for the *Representatives* of the *Nation*, to the Dishonour of the most *Considerable*, and Sobert part of the *Kingdom*. Pre'thee *Bumpkin*, with thy *Poles* and *Baltick*, how shouldst thou come to understand the *Ballance* of *Empires*? who are *Delinquents*, and who *not*? the Right of *Bishops Votes*? Aud *You* (forsooth) are to Teach the *King* when to call a *Parliament*, and when to let it alone. And are not you a fine Fool i'the mean time, to drudg for the Faction that Sets ye on, to be afterwards made a slave for your pains? Agross Cheat upon the Nation.

And then for you *Citt*, with your *Mouldy Records*, your *Co-ordinate Estates*, and your *Sovereign Power of the People*. Do not I know all your Fallacies, your Shifts, and Hiding Holes? There's not one step you set, but I can trace you in't: You have your *Spies* upon all *Libraries*, as well as *Conversations*; your *Agents for the procuring* of old *Manuscripts*, and *Records*, and for the *Falsifying* of *New Ones*, to make them look like *Old Ones*. Nay, the *Papers* of *State* themselves had much ado to scape ye. Lewd Practices of the Faction.

Those

Those that assert the just *Rights* of the *Crown*, you either *Bury* or *Conceal*; only Publishing the *Precedents* of *Seditious Times*, in Vindication of such Principles.

Against Co-ordination.

Citt. I must confess I take the *Government* to be *Co-ordinate*, and the *King One* of the *Three Estates*, with submission to be better inform'd.

True. If it be so, how comes it that the House of *Commons* even in their most Popular seasons, have still own'd the Crown of *England* to be *Imperial*? How comes it that all our *Laws* are call'd the *Kings Laws*: all our *Courts of Justice* his *Majesties Courts*, and all *Publick Causes* try'd in the *Kings Name*, and by the *Authority* of his *Majesty*?

Citt. But have not the *two Houses* their share in the *Legislative Power*?

It is the sanction makes the Law, not the Consent.

True. You must distinguish betwixt the *Consent* and the *Sanction*; the *Preparatory* Part is *theirs*, the Stamp is the *Kin'gs*: The Two Houses consent to a *Bill*, It is only a *Bill*, when it is *presented*, and it remains yet a *Bill*, even when the King has *consented* to it; and in this *common Consent*, in Order to a *Law*, the *Two Houses* may be said to share with his *Majesty*: but then the *Fiat*, that superinduces an *Authority*, and is only and properly the Act of *Legislation*, is singly in the *King*. So that though they *share* in the *Consent*, they have no pretence at all to the *Sanction*: which is an Act of *Authority*, the other but of *Agreement*.

The Inconveniences of a Co-ordination supposed.

And yet again, admitting your *Coordination*; First, every King runs the hazard of his Crown upon every Parliament he calls: For that *third Estate* lies at the mercy of the *other two*: And further, 'tis a kind of Ringing the Changes with the Government, the *King* and *Lords* shall be uppermost *One day*, the *King* and *Commons Another*, and the *Lords* and *Commons* the *Third*: : For in this Scale of Constitution, whatsoever the *One* will *not*, the *other two may*.

Citt. Well; but Ours is a MIXT Government, and we are a *Free People*.

Of a mixt Government and a Qualifi'd.

True. If ours be a *Mixt Government*, so as to any *Popular Participation* of *Power* with the *King*; then it is not a *Monarchy*: (which is the *Government only of one*) but if you'l call it a *Qualifi'd Government*; so as to distinguish it from an *Absolute* and *Unlimited Government*, I'le agree with you. But let the *Government* be *what* it will, and *where* it will, let it do *Right or Wrong*, it is *Equally Unaccoun-*

Unaccountable; for there lies no *Appeal* but to a *Superiour*, and the Supream has none but *God himself*.

Citt. But if we be a *Free People*, have not *We* as much *Right* to *Our Liberties*, as the King has to *his Crown*?

True. Yes, we have, but the King has this advantage of us, that *we* may forfeit our *Liberties*, but he cannot forfeit his *Crown*.

Citt. What if a *King* will Transgress all the Laws of *God* and *Man*? may not the *People* resume their *Trust*?

True. No, not unless you can produce an express *stipulation to that very purpose*. But let me shew you, First the Errour of taking that to be a *Trust* from the *People*, which in truth, is an *Ordinance* of *Providence*, For *All Power is from God*: And Secondly, the *Absurdity* of the very *Supposition*, even in the Case of a Trust conferr'd by the People: If the *King breaks his Trust*, the *People Resume* it: but who are these *People*? If a *Representative*, they are but *Trustees Themselves*, and may incur a *Forfeiture* too, by the same Argument. Where are we next then? For if it devolves to the *Loose Multitude* of *Individuals*, (which you will have to be the Fountain of *Power*) you are then in an *Anarchy*, without any Government at all; and there you must either continue in a *Dissociated State*, or else agree upon *Uniting* into some Form of *Regiment* or other; and whether it be *Monarchy*, *Aristocracy* or *Democracy*; It comes all to a Point. If you make the *Government accountable* upon every Humour of the People, It lapses again into a *Confusion*. To say nothing of the ridiculous Phancy of a *Sovereignty* in the *People* upon this Account, that they can never be so brought together, either to *Establish*, or to *Dissolve* a *Government*, as to authorize it to be the *Peoples Act*. For there must be, *First an agreement* to *Meet* and *Consult*. *Secondly*, an *Agreement* upon the *Result* of that *Debate*; and any *one Dissenter* spoils all, where every *Individual* has an *Equal Right*: So that unless the People be all of the same mind, this Supposition will be found wholly Impracticable and Idle.

Power is from God, not from the People.

Sovereignty of the People most ridiculous.

Citt. But is there no Fence then against *Tyranny*?

True. Only Patience, unless you run into *Anarchy*, and then into that which you call *Tyranny* again; and so tread Eternally that Circle of *Rigour* and *Confusion*. *In fine*, the Question is this, whether People had better run *certainly* into *Confusion* to avoid a *possible Tyranny*, or venture a *possible Tyranny* to avoid a *certain Confusion*?

Citt.

Citt. But where we find *Positive Laws* and *Provisions* to *fail us*, may we not in those Cases betake our selves to the *Laws* of *Nature* and *Self-Preservation?*

Self-preservation is no Plea for the People.

True. No, ye may not; for many Reasons. First, It makes you *Judges*; not only *when* those Laws take place, but also *what* they *are*. Secondly, the *Government* is *dissolv'd*, if Subjects may go off or on at pleasure. Thirdly, *Self-Preservation* is the Plea only of *Individuals*; and there can be no colour for the exposing of the *Publick* in favour of *Particulars*. What would ye think of a *Common Seaman* that in a *Storm* should throw the *Steersman overboard*, and set himself at the *Helm?* Or of a *Souldier* that should refuse a *Dangerous Post* for fear of being knock'd on the Head, when the *whole Army* depends upon the Maintaining of *That Pass*.

Citt. Pray'e tell me what it is that you call *Government*, and how far it extends; for you were saying even now, that the *Reason* of *all Governments* is *alike*.

What Government is.

True. Government is the *Will* and *Power* of a *Multitude*, *united in some One Person, or More, for the Good and Safety of the Whole*. You must not take it that *all Governments* are *alike*; but the *Ratio* of *all Governments* is the *same* in some Cases. As in the Instance of *Self-Preservation*; which is only Pleadable by the *Supream Magistrate*, in Bar to all *General Exceptions*; for he is First, presumed in Reason, to be vested with all *Powers necessary* for the *Defence* and *Protection* of the *Community*: without which, his Authority is vain. He is, Secondly, Obliged in *Duty* to *exert* those *Powers* for the *Common Good*: And he is, Thirdly, entrusted with the Judgment of all *Exigences* of *State*, be they *greater*, or *less*, wherein the Publick Good may be concern'd. Now put the Case that the Magistrate should make a wrong *Judgment* of Matters, and misemploy those *Powers*, it were an infelicity in the *Administration*; but the *Sacredness* of *Authority* is still the same: And he is a Mad man that plucks down his *House* because it rains in at the *Window*. And in case of the *Magistrate*, it is not so much *He* as *They*; for the *King* is (as I said before) the *United Power* and *Will* of the *People*. And so fare ye well.

Certain Privileges essential to Government.

The End.